

"100 Girls!

Count 'em!" provokes back  
of an old tin sign, re-  
cycled, as the roller  
coaster ratchets up

past its flyblown rust  
and other cancer-

ous funk, to leave  
a festering

humidity somewhat  
below, where up-  
turned faces

which are  
and once were

like the 100 count'em girls, God  
bless us, hotly, everyone.